Trope: Vampire AU (Hannibal/Jack/Will)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

For the last decade omegas have been succumbing to a virus that causes them to turn into vampires when they go into heat. Often there is no saving them.

Jack needs Will Graham. He also needs an expert to keep Will in check. But sometimes there is no stopping the inevitable.

“Graham likes you. He doesn’t think you run any mind games on him.” Jack cajolled as they walked the Quantico grounds.

“I don’t. I’m as honest with him as I’d be with a patient.” Alana replied.

“Been observing him during your guest lectures at the academy?”

“Never been in a room alone with Will.”

“Why not?”

He was prepared for the glare, and the intensity behind it. Her studies on vampirism made her a perfect choice for someone to keep Will Graham reined in. She was probably better aware than anyone of what might happen.

What *was* going to eventually happen to Graham. There was no avoiding him turning at this point, perhaps even becoming so feral he’d have to be put down. But until that point he had a use to Jack.

Alana stopped and crossed her arms over her chest.

“This is reckless, Jack.” Alana scalded him. He wanted to dismiss her concerns, but she was right. It was reckless. But the fact of the matter was that it was a reasonable risk.

Will Graham was too good an asset to ignore. If he could help them save lives then it was worth the risk.

“I wouldn’t put him out there if I couldn’t cover him.” At her cocked brow he continued, “Alright, iIf I couldn’t cover him eighty percent.”

“I wouldn’t put him out there.”

“He’s out there. And I need him out there. Should he get too close, I need you to make sure he’s not out there alone.”

Alana seemed conflicted then, and he was expecting she would acquiesce.

“Promise me something, Jack. Don’t let him get too close.”

“He won’t get too close.”

Alana let out a heavy sigh and shook her head, “I can’t.” She hesitated then before adding, “But there’s someone I can recommend. My mentor at John Hopkins, he’s… he can handle Will.”

Jack nodded, happy to take the recommendation. He could only imagine someone old enough to have been Alana Bloom’s mentor would have been in their thirties when the sickness first

came. Probably had first had experience, as he himself did, of handling those first waves of omegas who got sick and turned.

John Hopkins meant a medical doctor, and Jack wondered what that would have been like. The first few cases that presented as anemia. Then omegas flooding the ER with symptoms of heat but far worse. And then the turning. The blood lust, the uncontrollable hunger.

Perhaps this mentor had even been at the forefront of developing the transition programme, saving as many as they could? Guiding omegas through how to survive first their turning and then living as a vampire.

Alana Bloom had been his first choice, but perhaps this mentor could be of better use?

“His name is Hannibal Lecter,” Alana continued, “I have his card in my office if you want to follow me.”

Jack gave a curt nod, and followed Alana as she led the way.

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“Hannibal!” Jack cried out, “I need you!”

The urgency in Jack Crawford’s tone had Hannibal setting the desserts back onto the kitchen counter and returning to the dining room.

He stopped in the doorway and blinked.

This wasn’t unexpected. He’d been scenting for some time that Will’s suppressants had begun to fail and that his heat was coming. Whilst many people would have mentioned this to Will, or the appropriate authorities, Hannibal had instead kept it to himself out of curiosity, perhaps even encouraged things along a little. To see what would happen.

And now it was happening, in his own home at his own small dinner party with Jack and Will.

Hannibal’s chest tightened and swelled at the thought. At the delight.

“He’s going to turn!” Jack growled, as he grappled with the feral omega that they knew as Will Graham.

There was distress in Jack’s eyes and Hannibal wondered how much of that was at the thought of losing such a useful colleague, and how much was at the thought of what they needed to do if they were to try and save him. That much was common knowledge, a knot and blood.

Will’s expectation too was clear. And that was to die.

He’d made no arrangements, despite surely having felt his suppressants failing. He had expected to turn and be put down. Truly believing he was beyond saving.

Hannibal could understand it. An omega his age, on suppressants so long, the transformation would be consuming. The only way to, essentially, tame a vampire was to sate both their heat and bloodthirst. In Hannibal's experience, the older the omega or longer without a heat, the harder this was. In most cases there was just no sating them and it became necessary to kill them instead.

There was no guarantee Will would survive. He might go so feral he'd start biting himself until he was draining his own blood. If he wasn't put down before it came to that.

Hannibal had no intention of letting it come to that.

Will had managed to deny his nature for so long, Hannibal was enchanted to be witness to his becoming.

He had come to care for Will in ways he couldn't quite name without calling it love, and it was for that reason that Hannibal hoped Will survived. It was also for that reason that he would do anything to ensure Will's survival. Including let him be taken by another alpha.

"You understand what must be done." Hannibal replied to Jack, calmly.

Jack's face twisted in pain, "Bella-"

"-will understand. This isn't about love or even sexual desire. Will needs more than one alpha alone can offer right now. Our choice is to allow his heat to continue, restrain him to save ourselves and watch him die. Or to help him. Will you help him, Jack?" Hannibal purred, "What is his life worth to you?"

Jack growled his frustration but pushed Will back all the same.

Where he'd been restraining the omega before with the thought of not hurting him, Jack now forced Will down to the table that Hannibal was glad he had just cleared of the previous course.

"Don't let him too close, Jack." Hannibal suggested as he continued into the room then, loosening his tie and unbuttoning his suit jacket. "An alpha will not survive a vampire bite. You'll end up as his first meal instead of his saviour. Which for everyone's sake I think we should try to avoid."

Jack snarled, his eyes tracking Hannibal as he approached.

"Just help me, godammit!"

Hannibal's lips twitched and he walked around to where Jack had Will pinned to the table. He looked down at the omega, growling and snarling up at them.

"My dear, Will." Hannibal sighed, brushing back sweat damp locks from Will's forehead. "I know you are still in there. I know you want us to save you from yourself. And I know you know how we must do this."

Will whimpered and then growled again, his eyes almost pleading at Hannibal. Enough cognizance to understand, even if he did then snap his teeth at them once more.

“Y-you first,” Jack stammered and then swallowed heavily.

And as much as Hannibal wanted to be the first and only in Will’s life, there was something about how reticent Jack was that made him want to push at his fellow alpha.

“You’re already halfway there, Jack. You go right ahead.” Hannibal crooned, enjoying the sharp intake of breath from Jack. And then he added, “Here, let me help.”

Whilst Jack continued to hold Will down, Hannibal reached between them and flicked open Will’s pants. With Will squirming they actually came down easily, as well as his slick soaked underwear. He pulled them to his ankles and then tugged them off with his shoes.

The scent drew an involuntary groan from Jack, but even so the man looked torn.

“Would you like me to call Bella?” Hannibal asked, politely.

Jack hesitated for a moment and then gave a jerky nod. “Phone, in pocket.”

Hannibal pressed his hand into Jack’s trouser pocket, a tight fit as Jack’s burgeoning arousal was pulling the fabric taut.

Hannibal dialed and then held the phone to Jack’s ear. When the call connected Jack breathed out a sigh of relief.

“Bella, it’s Will. He… He’s gone into heat. He’s here with me now, and Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal couldn’t hear Bella’s response and Jack continued after a moment.

“Yeah. It’s pretty bad. He’s going to need both of us. Doctor Lecter and myself.” Jack looked pained saying it even as his arousal pressed against the naked groin of the omega still squirming beneath him.

When Will snapped his teeth and tried to thrust up off of the table, Jack was thrust back. Hannibal pulled the phone away as Jack grappled Will back down onto the table, rolling him over so that Will was now pinned to his front.

Hannibal pulled the phone to his ear.

“Mrs Crawford, it’s Doctor Lecter. Apologies but Jack is currently trying to restrain Will.”

“It’s bad isn’t it.” Bella replied.

“Yes. He might not make it.”

“You must do what you can to help him. Jack would never forgive himself if he didn’t try,” Bella replied sympathetically. “Can you tell him I said to help Will?”

“Of course,” Hannibal replied and then Bella rang off.

“Jack,” By the time Hannibal looked back to the alpha, he was shucking his own pants down to his knees.

“Bella said to help him, right?” Jack asked. They both knew that she would, but it said a lot about their relationship that he still needed to talk to Bella first.

“She did.” Hannibal confirmed, placing Jack’s phone on the table.

Jack was nodding, “Okay, okay.” And then he lined himself up and pushed inside of Will.

The omega howled as Jack plunged into him, a wet slick sound filling the room as he bottomed out.

“Fuck, he’s tight.” Jack growled.

“He’ll need to be knotted as continuously as we can possibly manage.” Hannibal remarked as he started to undo his cufflinks.

He didn’t miss how Jack’s eyes tracked him even as he fucked into the snarling omega pinned beneath him.

As Hannibal continued to undress the omega became a little more subdued, soothed by Jack’s ministrations so he was moaning more than snarling and had stopped snapping his teeth.

“You’re doing well, Jack.” Hannibal, naked now, slipped his hand across Jack’s shoulders and looked where they were joined. “But he needs knotting soon, he won’t be this subdued for long without it.”

Jack grunted his response, and then grunted again when Hannibal took hold of his knot and began to palpate it until it started to swell.

“Do it, Jack. He needs you.” Hannibal encouraged, smooth and enjoying the power play of it all.

Jack growled and thrust forward, Hannibal removed his hand just as Will cried out and was knotted.

Hannibal hummed his amusement as he picked up a napkin from the table and wiped the residue of Jack and Will’s coupling from his hand.

Jack growled and leaned forward, pressing Will hard against the table and ripping the back of the omega’s shirt open. Hannibal cocked a brow, interested to see the alpha so feral. Obviously not as feral as Will, but just this side of a rut.

The thought was all the more entertaining to Hannibal, what might happen if Jack indeed went into rut and lost control? Many alpha’s died that way. Giving the omega a chance to gain the upper hand and rip their throat out, drink their blood.

Once Will's shirt hung from him in shreds, Jack leaned in and bit into his flesh, just below Will's shoulder. Sating the need to mate that being with an omega prompted.

Will cried out and came, hard.

That much was clear from the way Jack roared back and convulsed, spilling himself inside the omega.

"There, there, Will." Hannibal soothed, running his hand through Will's hair and looking down at his blown eyes. Black orbs now. Just a hint of the blue that had been there before.

He snapped at Hannibal, though there was little effort behind it. Sated for now by Jack's knot.

It was long minutes before Jack was able to withdraw, and Hannibal used that time to bring a knife and a jug of water from the kitchen. Three glasses. One of which he used to try and have Will drink. Though such an activity was fraught with danger and Hannibal did as best he could without getting bitten.

The best he could do was pour some as precisely into Will's mouth as possible, though most of it didn't go into the omega's mouth. His face, hair and the table beneath him now wet, Will was once more becoming agitated.

"Hannibal," Jack growled. "Are you ready?"

The alpha's concern was clear, as well he should be concerned. Will was starting to struggle again by the time Jack pulled out of him.

A copious amount of come followed, enough that made Hannibal momentarily regret the necessity to engage Jack in this.

As Jack stepped back Hannibal took his place. The switch over allowed Will to roll onto his back once more, trying to launch himself at them before Hannibal pinned him back to the table.

"This won't be enough," Hannibal observed as he pressed one arm across Will's chest and then used his other hand to position himself at Will's slick entrance. He rubbed his cock there for a moment, letting himself fully harden before he pushed in.

Will cried out and growled, writhing again, eager for more.

"He's going to need blood," Hannibal grunted as he started to thrust into Will.

He couldn't let himself get distracted by how good it felt to finally be inside the omega. He had wanted this longer than he'd let himself consider, but he couldn't savour it as he might have wished.

"He can't fucking bite us," Jack replied, irritable as he stalked around the table, doing his trousers back up. As much as he wanted to ensure Will survived, Jack clearly didn't want to be doing this. He seemed even more uncomfortable watching Hannibal thrust into the omega than he had been when doing so himself.

“Of course not,” Hannibal replied, breathless as he continued to sate the omega now calming again beneath him. “The knife.” Hannibal nodded his head to where he had set the sharp knife on the table, as he continued to increase the power behind his thrusts.

He watched Jack pick up the knife and study it, trying to work out where he could cut himself.

Jack opted for his palm, slicing it open and balling his fist to increase the flow. “You ready?” He asked Hannibal.

Hannibal pressed both his arms across Will’s chest, burying himself into Will as the omega grew agitated by the scent of blood.

“One moment,” Hannibal replied and started to jackhammer his cock into Will, his knot growing with every thrust. He didn’t wait for it to be big enough to knot, just slammed it inside the omega and let it start expanding within him.

Will’s growl was also a moan as he savoured the knotting.

“Now,” Hannibal instructed Jack as he held Will as hard to the table as he possibly could and came deep within him.

With a curt nod Jack moved his fist over Will’s mouth, almost a foot above it, he let the blood drop down onto his lips.

With a snarl, Will tried to rear up, but Hannibal slammed him back down onto the table. He pressed hard inside him once more then tried to pull out. He was almost knotted, but not quite. With some effort that probably caused Will a little pain, he pulled his knot out of the omega and then slammed it back in again with as much force as he could manage.

That had Will coming again, his face slack with pleasure and his demeanor once more nearing docile, Jack continued to let his blood flow into Will’s mouth.

“Once he’s had some blood he should be calmer,” Hannibal panted. “When I pull out of him we should be able to move him and restrain him better.”

“You have somewhere we can do that?” Jack asked, his brow cocked.

“For everyone’s comfort, I’d suggest my bedroom. Whilst I remain knotted to Will perhaps you could find the rope I keep in the garage, we can keep him bound to the bed as we continue to do what needs to be done.”

Jack trickled more blood down onto Will’s mouth until the omega was completely sated and blissed out. Enough blood to soothe him, a knot inside him. This was what was needed.

Jack pulled back his hand and grabbed one of the thick napkins that had been left on the table from dinner. He wrapped it around his hand and nodded. “I’ll be right back.”

After Jack left, everything was quiet and still.

Hannibal looked down at Will and he seemed almost normal. His eyes closed now and his expression peaceful, Hannibal could imagine this is what it would have been like to mate with Will Graham before the virus had come.

He wanted to lean in and kiss his bloodstained lips, but the risk was too great. For now at least.

Instead, he busied himself with removing the tattered remains of Will's clothes so that he was completely naked, just as himself.

"There, there, Will. It will all be fine." Hannibal soothed as he waited.

Jack returned with the rope and paused in the door. Hannibal didn't miss it, the way he looked at them. Perhaps he was struck by how well Will fit together with him, how inevitable it would be for Will to be Hannibal's omega.

Jack cleared his throat and approached.

"What's the plan?"

"I'm going to lift Will now, and carry him." Hannibal explained. "I need you to go ahead of us up the stairs and be prepared to restrain him."

Jack's jaw clenched but he nodded.

Hannibal took a breath before gently wrapping his arms around the still knotted omega, and pulling him up from the table. Instinctively, Will's legs tightened around his waist and Hannibal hesitated just a moment before lifting Will the rest of the way and settling him against his shoulder as they remained joined.

The danger was arousing. It made his knot harden again and Will whimpered at the sensation but didn't react. His mouth practically rested on Hannibal's bare shoulder, it would be nothing for the omega to rip out his throat.

"Fuck," Jack muttered. His fear was easy to scent.

"We should move as quickly as we can. He won't be sated long." Hannibal advised. In fact, he knew from his own studies that Will would become all the harder to sate as his heat went on. Needing more knotting, more blood.

Perhaps thinking the same thing, Jack grabbed the knife from the table and started ahead of Hannibal, looking back over his shoulder every other step to make sure Will was still docile.

Hannibal took the stairs at a slow, steady pace, feeling a little relief when they reached the bedroom.

Jack whistled at the opulence of the room as they entered and then managed a smirk as he looked at Hannibal.

"Sure you want to mess up your nice sheets?" Jack teased, easing the tension.

Hannibal smiled as he set Will down on the bed and put his hand out to Jack for the rope. “Anything in this room can be replaced, except Will Graham.”

Jack’s expression changed then, he looked at Hannibal intensely as if seeing something for the first time. Perhaps realising the lengths Hannibal would go to for Will Graham.

Still connected by his knot, Hannibal was restricted in his movement, but able enough to bind the rope tight around both of Will’s wrists. Jack went to the otherside of the bed and together they were able to tie off the rope on the bed legs, leaving Will prone before them. His upper body completely restrained and flat to the bed.

After a moment’s hesitation, Jack started to undress, his cock hardening again at the sight of the omega.

“Are you ready, Jack?” Hannibal asked as the man pulled off the last of his clothes, leaving them in an untidy pile on the chair at Hannibal’s vanity. “I am almost untied.”

Jack nodded, and took a deep breath.

Will was starting to writhe again, his eyes blinking open and mouth splitting with a snarl as he felt the knot slipping away.

In a quick movement, Hannibal pulled himself the rest of the way from Will and pulled back off the bed as Jack climbed over Will and took his place.

Jack let out a grunt as he pushed back inside the omega, “Fuck, how is he still this tight?”

Jack’s pleasure was clear in his face, now that he was giving into it, he fucked Will hard. Every thrust caused the omega to bounce a little against the mattress so that he was inevitably meeting every rough connection.

“Fuck, not going to last this time,” Jack’s growl was almost apologetic.

“That’s fine Jack. It’s how long you knot him for that counts.” Hannibal replied and Jack nodded feverently.

“Fuck, fuck. Fucking dammit.” Jack cursed as he buried his knot in Will and began to come. His body shuddered and Will snapped and snarled at him, not climaxing himself on this occasion.

Hannibal took up the knife where Jack had set it on the bedside table, and sliced his own palm, following Jack’s example and letting his blood drip into Will’s mouth. On the first taste Will let out a plaintive moan and came.

If it hadn’t been clear from the way Will’s body shuddered, it would have been from Jack’s reaction as he moaned. His hips thrusting of their own volition as he pressed his knot deeper and came again.

“That’s good Jack. That’s good.” Hannibal encouraged as he continued to feed Will.

It was more than Jack had fed him, but finally he was calming again and Hannibal drew away.

With his good hand, Hannibal began to stroke his cock back to hardness, preparing himself for what needed to come.

“Now he’s restrained I think we should double our efforts.” Hannibal advised.

“What does that mean?” Jack asked with some concern.

“Are you going to last much longer?” Hannibal replied.

Jack shook his head. “Maybe a few minutes. My knots already softening.” He looked down at Hannibal’s cock. “You’re hard again, can you-”

Hannibal shook his head. “I need you to stay hard a little longer, Jack. Can you do that? For Will?”

Jack blinked and swallowed, watching as Hannibal took some lube from the bedside drawer and walked around behind him.

“Fuck.” Jack muttered and shook his head. Even so he followed with, “Do what you have to do.”

With a hum of appreciation Hannibal ran his hand over Jack’s backside and then a lubed finger down his crease.

“This won’t hurt,” Hannibal advised as he pressed a finger into Jack’s ass.

Jack took in a sharp gasp of breath and tensed, tightening around Hannibal’s figure, but he persevered until-

“FUCK!” Jack cried out as Hannibal found his prostate and began to stimulate him until his cock and knot were so hard again that Will’s eyes flew open.

The omega whined and snarled, writhing on Jack’s hard knot.

“Very good,” Hannibal praised as he removed his finger from Jack and wiped it on the bedsheets. “Jack, I need you to roll to your side and pull Will so that he is also on his side.

Jack nodded his understanding, sweat pouring from his brow as he complied.

Once on their sides, Will’s hands restrained all the tighter in this position, Hannibal moved onto the bed and pressed against Will’s back

“We’ve got you, Will. You’ll get through this.” He soothed and lifted Will’s leg, seeing where Jack was connected to him.

Jack was shaking, his breath shuddering with anticipation as he watched Hannibal’s movements intently.

Hannibal pressed lubed fingers where they joined, and then slid them up. Two pressing inside Will, stretching him. Both Jack and Will moaned at the sensation of his fingers alongside Jack's full knot.

"This is what we must do now Jack. We will both remain inside him until his heat breaks, we will soften and harden over and over again, but all inside him where he can feel deliciously full. Sated." Hannibal explained.

Jack nodded, looking a little stricken but agreeable.

After a few minutes, Hannibal worked in another finger and Jack came again with a sob.

It was a long process and finally Hannibal, cock speckled with dried come and slick from his last encounter, slicked his cock and pushed inside.

Will came with a scream before Hannibal even had more than his tip inside.

The tightening of Will's body caused him to stop. The three of them panting together until they adjusted and Hannibal was able to keep pressing in until all that remained external to Will's body was his knot.

Jack was sobbing now, oversensitive and wrung out, his knot beginning to soften as Will snapped at them.

"He needs blood," Hannibal grunted. He pressed his own bloodied hand to Will's chest, pulling the omega back against him.

Jack, already leaning as far from Will's teeth as necessary, raised his own hand and squeezed, reopening the fresh wound.

He held his hand above Will's mouth and this time the omega was less boisterous in his attempts to get at it. The sensation of being so full kept him a lot more docile.

Hannibal began to move, rocking himself in and out of Will, feeling Jack's cock softening against his own hard length.

When Jack's deflated knot slipped out of Will, and copious come with it, Hannibal reminded, "Don't pull out."

Jack nodded and continued to feed Will, blood dripping on the sheets as Hannibal began to fuck into Will with a grunt.

This went on for hours, each of them exhausted but unable to sleep if they wanted to save Will.

Blood smeared across all three of them, all over the sheets. Which were equally dripping with slick and come, the scent of it all filling the air.

"He's nearly there," Hannibal muttered, exhausted, almost a day after this had begun.

Jack nodded, unable to speak now, but apparently understanding Hannibal's meaning. Because then he began to thrust. Pushing himself back and forth against Hannibal's hard length until he was hard again himself.

Will was lax and moaning between them as both alphas began to pump into him. There was no way they could both knot him, but their combined girths and seed would hopefully do the trick.

Hannibal grunted as he pumped his hips, finding his hand wandering up Will's chest, feeling his own blood both wet and dry, on Will's flesh.

"Hannibal, no." Jack grunted, even as he continued to piston his hips. "If he bites-"

"I know what I'm doing," Hannibal replied. Will was practically sedated now, between the blood and the knotting, he was in an ecstasy they were working hard to maintain.

Hannibal clenched his jaw and moved his hand further up and up until he placed it over Will's mouth.

Jack held his breath, his body stilling and the fear easy to scent.

Then with a plaintive moan, Will began to lick and suck at the wound on Hannibal's palm. Like a puppy, Will eagerly accepted the offered treat, his teeth away like a good boy.

"That's it Will," Hannibal encouraged, starting to thrust all the faster, all the harder.

Jack doubled his efforts then too, until Will was barely able to maintain the focus to do more than slobber at Hannibl's hand whilst both alpha's buried themselves deep inside his hole.

"Hannibal," Jack growled, and all Hannibal could do was acknowledge the man with a nod as they writhed together, pounding into Will.

The sounds coming from Will changed, from the whimpers and growls to something almost human again. Grunting and gasps.

And then, "Yesss…" Will hissed the first intelligible word he'd spoken since his heat began. And Jack let out a bark of relieved laughter.

They had done it, Will was coming back to them.

The thought was enough for Hannibal. He moved his hand from Will's mouth down to his own knot, holding it tight and squeezing it hard as he throbbed and spilled. Jack blinked, observing and then he did the same.

Unable to help himself, his way eased by the come they were spilling, Hannibal eased further in, managing to sink in half of his knot as Will clenched rhythmically around them and came hard with an irrepressibly human cry.

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“H-Hannibal?” Will’s head felt heavy. His whole body felt like lead and his chest was tight, felt like he might stop breathing at any moment. He wondered for a moment if he’d been in some sort of an accident.

He could scent the tang of blood, the sweetness of slick and bleach-like smell of come, and flashes of memory came back. Heat, he’d gone into heat. His skin felt tight in places and he wondered what sticky patch of substance coated that part of his flesh.

He should be dead. Jack’s bullet between his eyes.

“You’re going to be just fine, Will.” Hannibal’s voice was soothing.

Will looked around for a moment. He was in a clean, pleasant room. From the scent he had to guess it was a guest room in Hannibal's house and not the same room in which he’d become coated with these fluids. That thought gave him a sense of comfort that he hadn't expected. A sense of being cared for.

“H-hungry…” Will managed. His mouth felt dry, his stomach growled. He took in a deep breath, “I didn’t think- I didn’t think I’d survive. Didn’t expect to.”

“No, I suppose you didn’t. And yet here we are.”

Will closed his eyes and turned away. “I knew there was never any point in fighting this. I might as well just hold on as long as I could. Before-”

“Before you were beyond saving. But here we are, Will.”

“How are we here?” Will asked, tentative.

“I’m sure the memories will come back with time, but in short, Jack assisted.”

Another flash, of something, came back to him. Perhaps a memory? Three of them writhing together, bodies covered in blood. Both alphas inside him, making him come.

Will blinked and his face reddened and for a moment there was part of him that would have preferred to die than face what had allowed him to live.

When silence fell Hannibal apparently felt compelled to ask, “Why, Will? Why did you let yourself come to this point. You could have died, you could have killed.”

Will shook his head, “It was already too late. By the time the infection spread, I had already been on suppressants so long that there was no point trying to go through a heat and just deal with it. I thought it would be best to just… let nature take its course.”

“You expected to be killed when you turned.” Hannibal surmised.

Will looked away, his tone lacking emotion when he replied, “I thought about it. When I realised everyone was testing positive, when I took the test and was positive too. I just… I just wanted to be useful for as long as I could be and then let whatever was to happen,

happen. I just didn't know if I could save myself. And after a while I realised that maybe that was just fine."

"And now you have survived." Hannibal replied softly, and WIll had the sense that the alpha might reach out and touch him, but he didn't.

"Have I?" Will's words were bitter as he looked back at Hannibal. "I'm a monster now."

"We're all monsters, Will. In our own way." Hannibal did reach out then and stroke Will's curls from his forehead. Will wanted to resist the touch but instead found himself leaning into it, Hannibal was clearly enjoying the way the omega reacted to his caress. "Your condition can be managed. In clinics or with an understanding alpha."

"Hmf," Will huffed, "Like you or Jack." It was an accusation but one Hannibal eagerly responded to.

"Jack, as I'm sure you are well aware, is already married to a lovely beta. But I am single. Eligible even. I wouldn't be averse to assisting you through your heats, as a friend or something more."

Will huffed again and moved out of reach of Hannibal's touch. Hannibal withdrew his hand to give the omega the space he wanted, which made Will long for it back.

"Well you've already had practice." Will snapped, trying to hold onto his anger at being in this position he'd never expected to have to deal with.

"I'm sorry, Will. I understand this feels like a betrayal to you, and for that I apologise. Had I known how you felt. Had you raised it in therapy, then I would have simply restrained you and let nature take its course. If you had become beyond saving, we'd have disposed of you in an appropriate way"

Hannibal sounded far from sorry, and Will could see in his expression he was never going to regret saving Will from the fate of becoming a rabid vampire, most likely ended with a bullet from Jack Crawford's sidearm.

Will remained silent, so Hannibal added, "Once you began to turn, there was no way to ask. No way for you to consent and Jack and I both felt that you would have wished to be saved."

Will shook his head and let out a heavy sigh. "So easy for you to say that now. Now I feel well and almost normal. But I hadn't expected this. I'd expected to wake up in a cell, feral and blood thirsty, ready for a disposal squad. Not… this." Will gestured around him at Hannibal's pleasantly appointed guest room.

Hannibal smiled and made a show of fidgeting with his cuff, purposely catching Will's eye. All the same, Will reached out and took hold of his wrist, pulling it toward him and turning Hannibal's hand over in his own.

"I'm sorry," Will's apology was entirely sincere as he grazed a thumb over the bandage across Hannibal's palm.

“There’s no need.” Hannibal countered. “I offered myself willingly, as did Jack. Our knots, our blood. Anything we could give to ensure you remained as much Will Graham as you possibly could.”

“You had no idea if you’d succeed.” Will’s tone was accusatory, scalding, as if they had been reckless children. Because hadn’t they? He might have killed them both.

“No. But it was worth the risk. What is a little blood and semen if it might save a dear friend?”

Will’s face flushed at the words, and Hannibal’s smile made it clear he enjoyed the reaction.

“I mean it Will, I am at your disposal. I’d even open my veins again for you.”

“Why?” Will asked, perplexed, looking up at Hannibal with searching eyes.

“I think you know why, Will. But if you reject my offer, I will not harbour any ill will.”

“I… I don’t know.” Will replied quickly. “Everything is so fuzzy and strange. Lights are brighter, sounds are louder. I feel like a newborn lamb experiencing everything for the first time with a vulnerability that makes me uncomfortable.”

“And yet you are far from vulnerable,” Hannibal reassured with a soft smile. “You are an adept killer, with strength and senses that make you a natural hunter. But I have come to know you, Will Graham. You also have the strength of character to control that.”

Will’s chest swelled at the alpha’s words, as much as he wished it didn’t.

Clearly wanting to leave the conversation whilst he had Will’s favour, Hannibal added, “Rest for now, you don’t need to make any decisions until you’re ready.”

As Hannibal left the room, Will felt like part of him went with the alpha.

*

Three Months Later

Jack said nothing as he watched Will cross the lab.

It was the first time they’d been alone together since the dinner at Hannibal’s and neither of them had mentioned it. Hell, beyond the initial chat with Bella when he got home from that night, he’d never even spoken about it with her since either.

It wasn’t that he was ashamed. He did what he had to do to save Will and would do it again if he had it all over. But it did make it hard to look the man in the eye since having had his knot inside him. And since enjoying it more than he wished he had.

Will cleared his throat and then said, “Hey Jack,” whilst looking at the evidence Katz had laid out.

“Will.” Jack greeted him, wishing to hell that the rest of the team would arrive already.

He looked over at the omega, his scent familiar. Too familiar, and yet changed. There was something about him.

He knew Will had had another heat the week before. He’d had to sign off the leave. It was his first since that night and it might take several cycles, if ever, for an omega to be able to go back on suppressants once they’d turned. The fact that Will had been on them so long beforehand, meant it was unlikely he’d be able to take them again. It was too much of a risk, and he was sure Will already had a close enough call with going feral to chance it.

But the scent wasn’t the lingering warmth of a recent heat.

It was Lecter.

Jack openly studied Will then, taking him in. The changed demeanor, slightly more confident in how he carried himself. And just behind his shirt collar peeked out a mating bite.

Jack raised a hand to his own neck and ran his fingers over the scar left by his own wife. He wondered if Will had taken the risk and claimed Hannibal too. After all they’d all seen enough crime scenes to know how unquenchable blood thirst could be. How something so tender and beautiful could turn into something feral and murderous.

“Something on your mind, Jack?” Will asked without looking up.

Jack clenched his jaw, hating that he was caught out, but knowing he hadn’t exactly been subtle. He cleared his throat and spoke directly to Will, even though the omega continued to look at the evidence and not meet his eyes.

“You and Lecter-”

“Mated. Yes.” Will’s reply was quick and sharp.

“Is it a convenience thing?” Jack found himself asking, mentally kicking himself and telling himself to shut up. This was none of his business, and having fucked Will didn’t give him any more right to that information than if he hadn’t.

Will turned, an amused, lopsided smile on his face and a cocked brow.

“Convenience?”

“Because he was there, that night. He knows how to handle you.” Jack replied, slowly. “It’s not my place-”

“No, it’s not.”

“I’m on your side here, Will. I just need to know if this is just some sort of arrangement or you’re really seriously together.” Will blinked at him and he continued quickly, as professionally as he could muster. “Either way, I’ll need you both to fill in some paperwork. Hannibal isn’t an employee so it shouldn’t cause issues for either of you, but he is on as a consultant, so we need to make sure the right boxes are ticked to avoid any issues in future.”

Will nodded at this, because of course it was the truth and he’d know that.

But, Jack couldn’t help his own concern.

He had a responsibility to Will. He’d helped save him from himself. And now he would have to deal with his new existence every mating cycle. Jack needed to know that he had done the right thing.

Perhaps Will sensed that, because his expression softened and he nodded again.

“It’s not convenience, Jack. I… I don’t know what it is. Love? A connection. It’s hard to define and believe me I was hesitant. But it’s real. I’ve never known myself as well as I know myself when I’m with him. That was true before, and it’s all the more true now.”

Jack nodded, his jaw tight again as they appraised each other for a moment.

His responsibility satisfied.

They turned away from each other when the rest of the team walked in and neither of them mentioned anything about it again.

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